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2
JUNE



Go! Kasey

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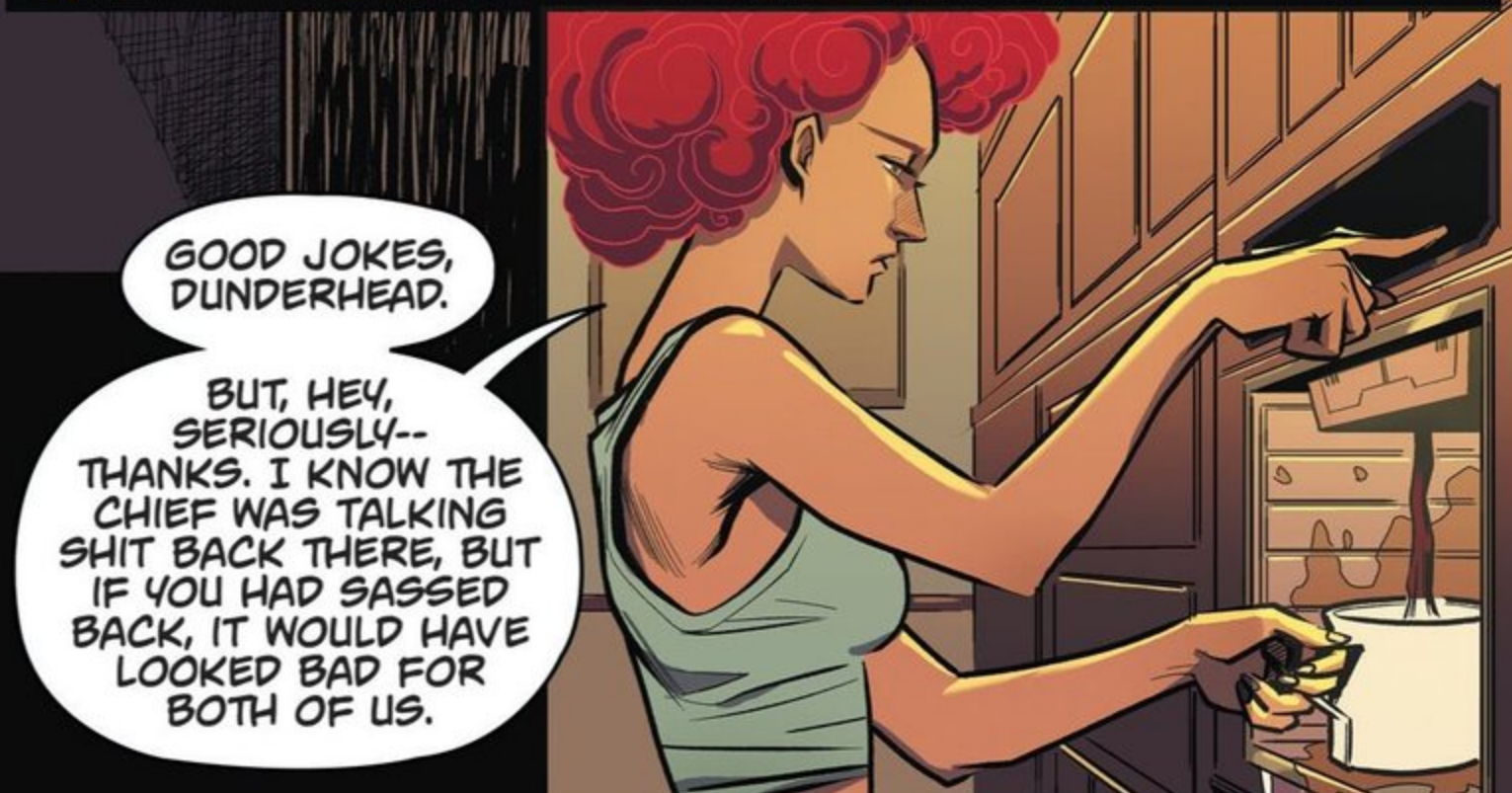
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WELL. I WAS EMBARRASSED FOR HIM. DON'T BRING A MIDWIT TO A GUN FIGHT, RIGHT?

YEAH, SURE.

SO... WHAT'S FOR DINNER?



RED SOUP. AS USUAL.

HOW IS IT?

TASTES LIKE RED. AS USUAL.



SO... YOU GOING TO TAKE THE CHIEF UP ON HIS OFFER?

THE ACADEMY OFFER, I MEAN. NOT THE GUN ONE.

FUCK NO.

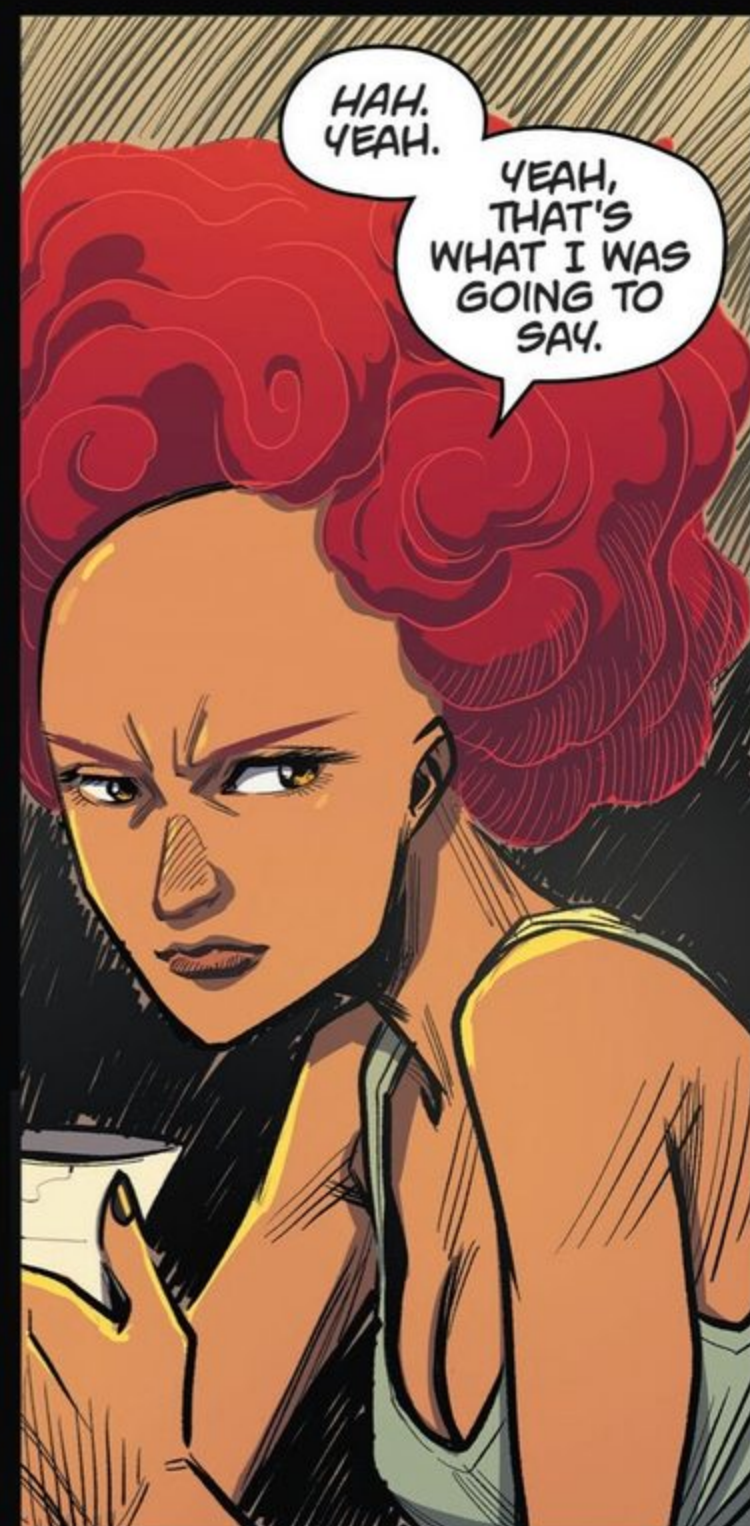
IF I WANTED A BUNCH OF EARTH TRASH TALKING DOWN TO ME, I'D JUST GO SHOPPING ON TIER 2.



PLUS, THEY'D DEFINITELY MAKE ME GET A NEW GUN, AND FUCK THAT.

I DON'T WANT SOME LIFELESS NEW GUN I DON'T KNOW. PLUS, YOU KNOW, YOU...

I REMIND YOU OF YOUR DAD, RIGHT?



HAH. YEAH.

YEAH, THAT'S WHAT I WAS GOING TO SAY.



TELL ME ABOUT HIM?



YEAH? SURE.
LET'S SEE
WHAT I CAN
REMEMBER.

"I'VE HAD TO CLEAR OUT SOME OF THE
OLD STORAGE SPACE TO MAKE ROOM FOR
ALL YOUR OH-SO-MANY FRIENDS'
CONTACTS, BUT I THINK I CAN MANAGE.

"I REMEMBER
THE DAY WE
MET..."

--EACH RECEIVE
YOUR NEWLY ASSIGNED,
FULMINATOR-CLASS
THUNDERHEAD, WHICH
IS NOW THE OFFICIAL
STANDARD WEAPON
ACROSS THE
ENTIRE IPPF.



EACH THUNDERHEAD
IS EQUIPPED WITH A FULLY
AUTONOMOUS INTELLIGENCE AND A
FABRICATOR THAT WILL TURN RAW
MATERIA INTO A WIDE VARIETY OF
AMMUNITION. NO NEED TO STOCK UP
ON MULTIPLE TYPES OF ROUNDS.



THE ONBOARD AI OF THE
THUNDERHEAD WILL HELP YOU
TO KNOW WHAT, WHERE,
WHEN, HOW, AND--MOST
IMPORTANTLY--
WHOM TO SHOOT.



LIKE
A GOLF
CADDY,
SIR?

JUST
LIKE A GOLF
CADDY,
WELLINGTON.
JUST LIKE
IT.

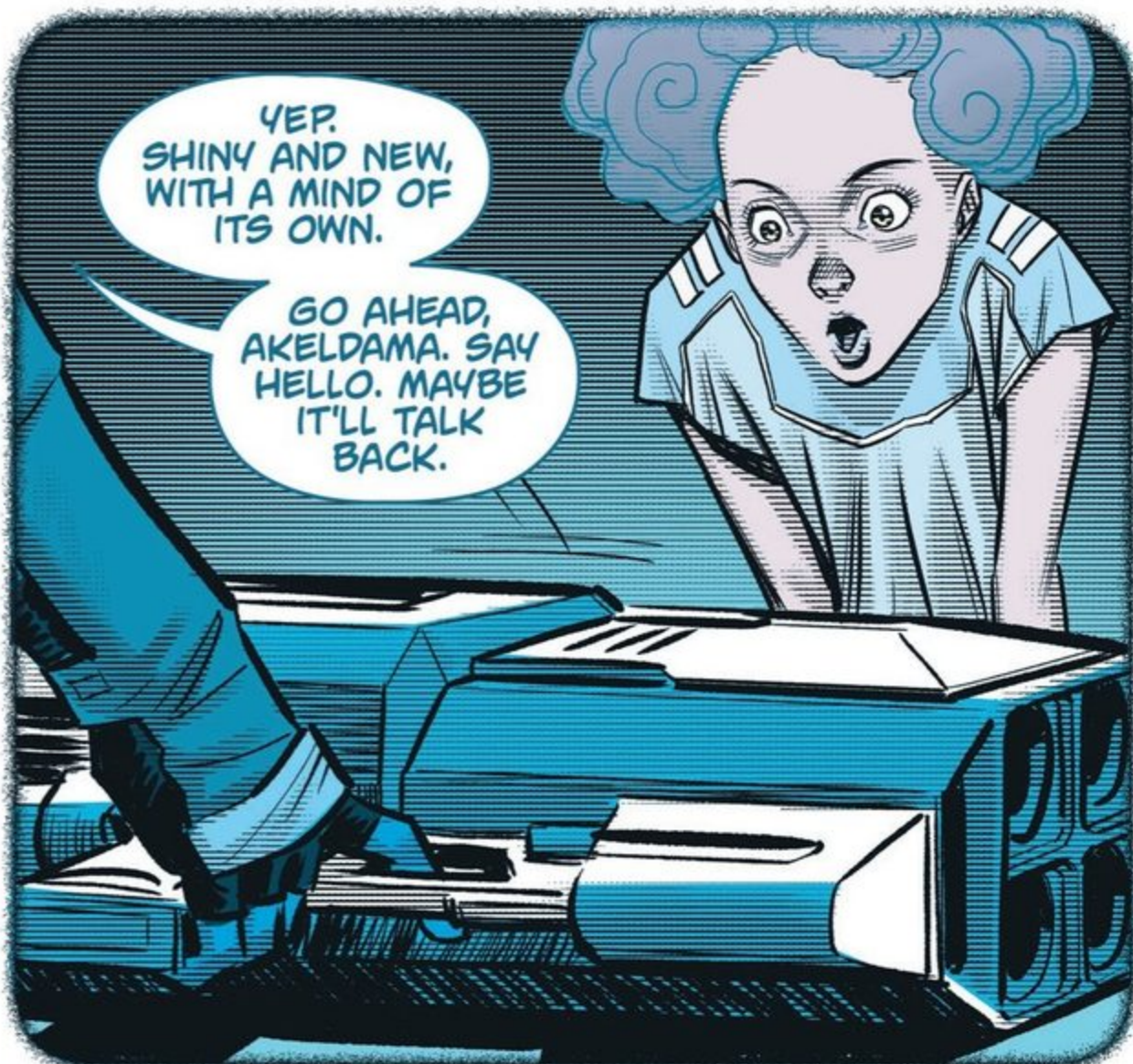


"THIS WAS ALSO, AS I RECALL, THE DAY I MET **YOU**."

LOOK, AKELDAMA! DADDY'S HOME!

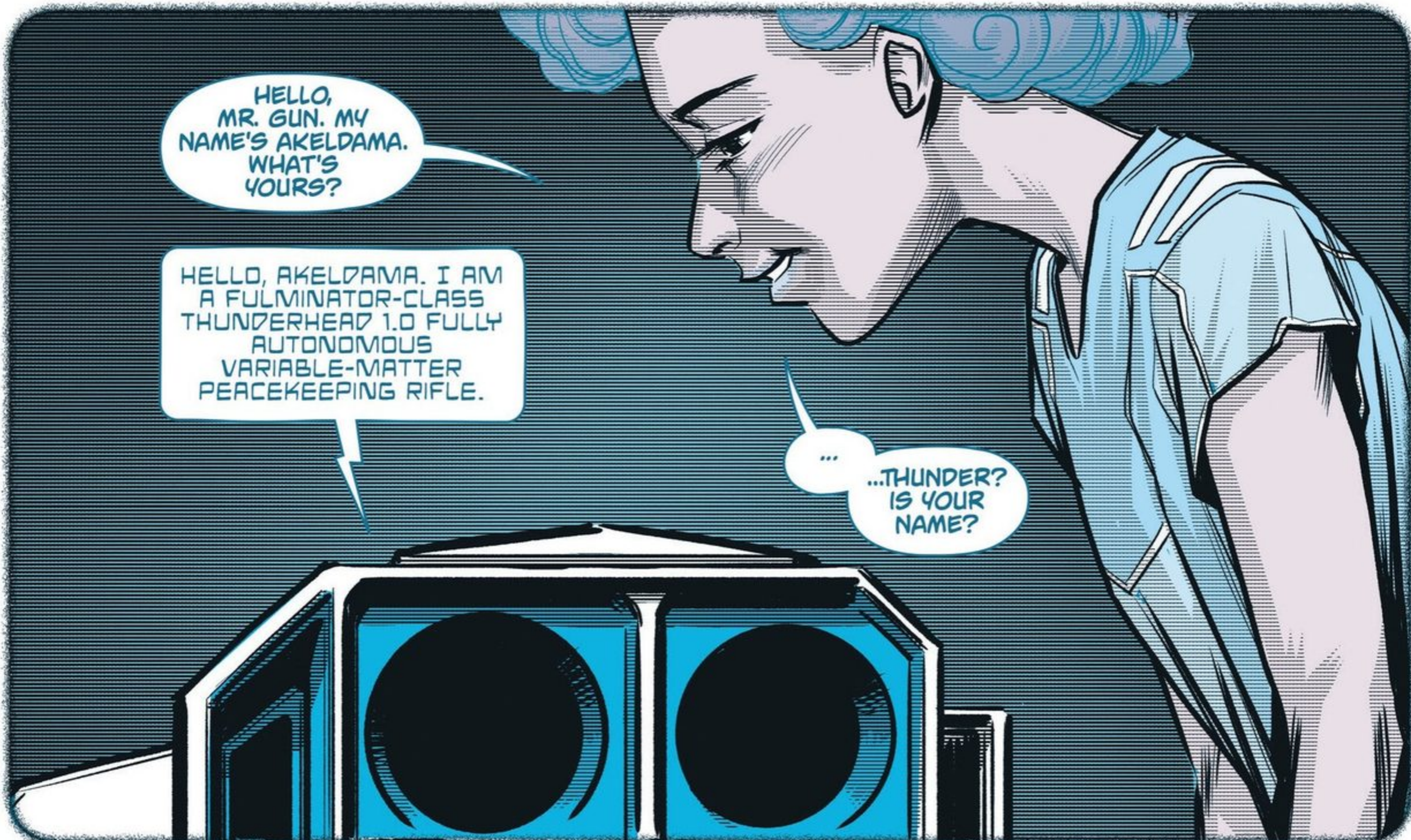
HEY, IRENE. HEY, BABY.

WOW, IS THAT THE NEW GUN?



YEP. SHINY AND NEW, WITH A MIND OF ITS OWN.

GO AHEAD, AKELDAMA. SAY HELLO. MAYBE IT'LL TALK BACK.



HELLO, MR. GUN. MY NAME'S AKELDAMA. WHAT'S YOURS?

HELLO, AKELDAMA. I AM A FULMINATOR-CLASS THUNDERHEAD 1.0 FULLY AUTONOMOUS VARIABLE-MATTER PEACEKEEPING RIFLE.

...
...THUNDER? IS YOUR NAME?



HONEY, HE'S A GUN. HE DOESN'T HAVE A NAME, JUST LIKE THE FABRICATOR DOESN'T HAVE A NAME. OR THE DOORBELL.

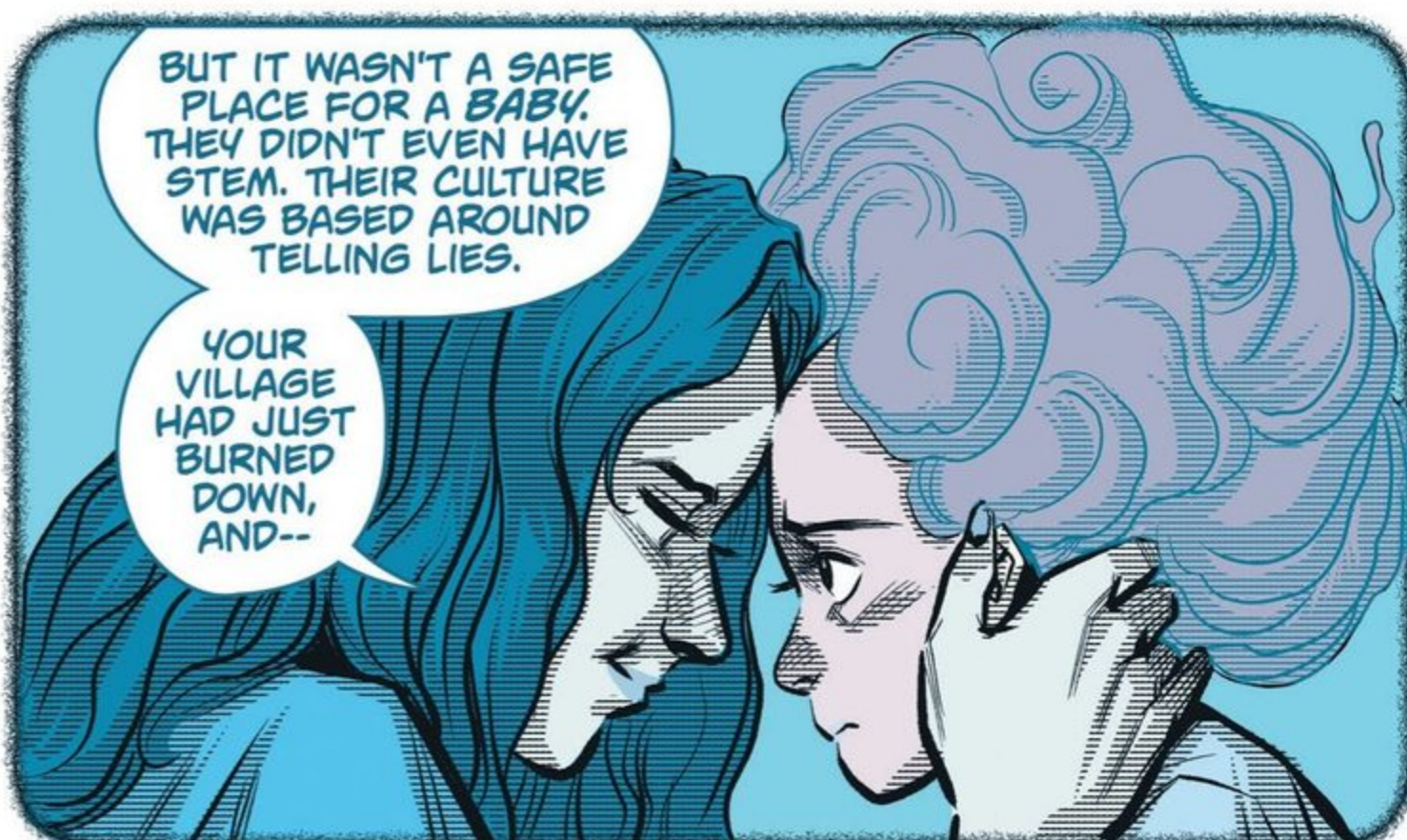
I CALL THEM COOKIE. AND DORA BELLE.

HAHAH, THUNDER IS JUST FINE, THEN.



HOW HAVE THINGS BEEN ON THE HOME FRONT TODAY?

OH, NOT BAD. LITTLE BIT HERE HAS BEEN ASKING SOME MIGHTY BIG QUESTIONS.





OH YES.
HMM.
RIGHT.

"WELL, THERE
WAS THIS ONE
TIME..."

FRANK! YOU
GOTTA TAKE THESE
GUYS OUT! MY GUY'S
MATERIA STORES
ARE TOO LOW TO
PRINT UP LETHAL
ROUNDS.

SORRY, GREG.
SHOULDN'T HAVE
BEEN SO
CARELESS WHEN
WE BUSTED IN.



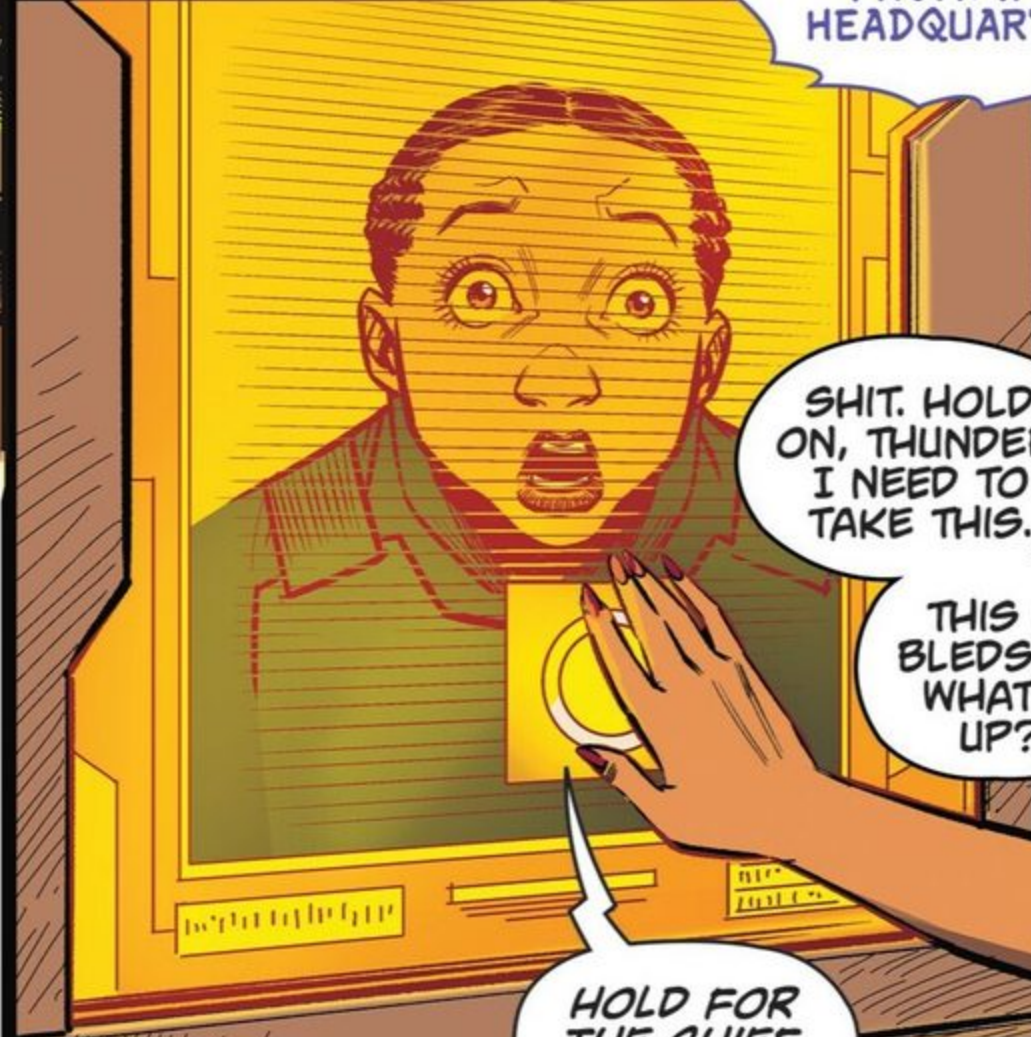
I DON'T THINK SO.
WE'LL HAVE TO
THINK OF ANOTHER
WAY.

WHAT THE
HELL, BLEDSOE? WE
NEED NERVE GAS
OR EXPLOSIVES OR
SOMETHING!

WON'T
HAPPEN. MY
GUY'S A
PACIFIST.

THE FUCK?
THEY GAVE YOU
A GAY GUN?
YOU CAN'T
JUST--

INCOMING CALL
FROM: IPPF
HEADQUARTERS



SHIT. HOLD
ON, THUNDER.
I NEED TO
TAKE THIS.

THIS IS
BLEDSOE.
WHAT'S
UP?

HOLD FOR
THE CHIEF.
IT'S A BIG
ONE.



OH,
FUCK.

IT WAS AN
ACCIDENT.
TELL HIM I
DIDN'T MEAN
TO TAKE--

HANG ON
BEFORE YOU
CONFESS TO
SOMETHING HERE.
WHATEVER THAT IS,
THIS ISN'T ABOU--



BLED SOE!

WE
NEED YOU,
AKELDAMA!
WE NEED
EVERYBODY
ON THIS
ONE.



CHIEF
AMUNDSEN,
SIR!

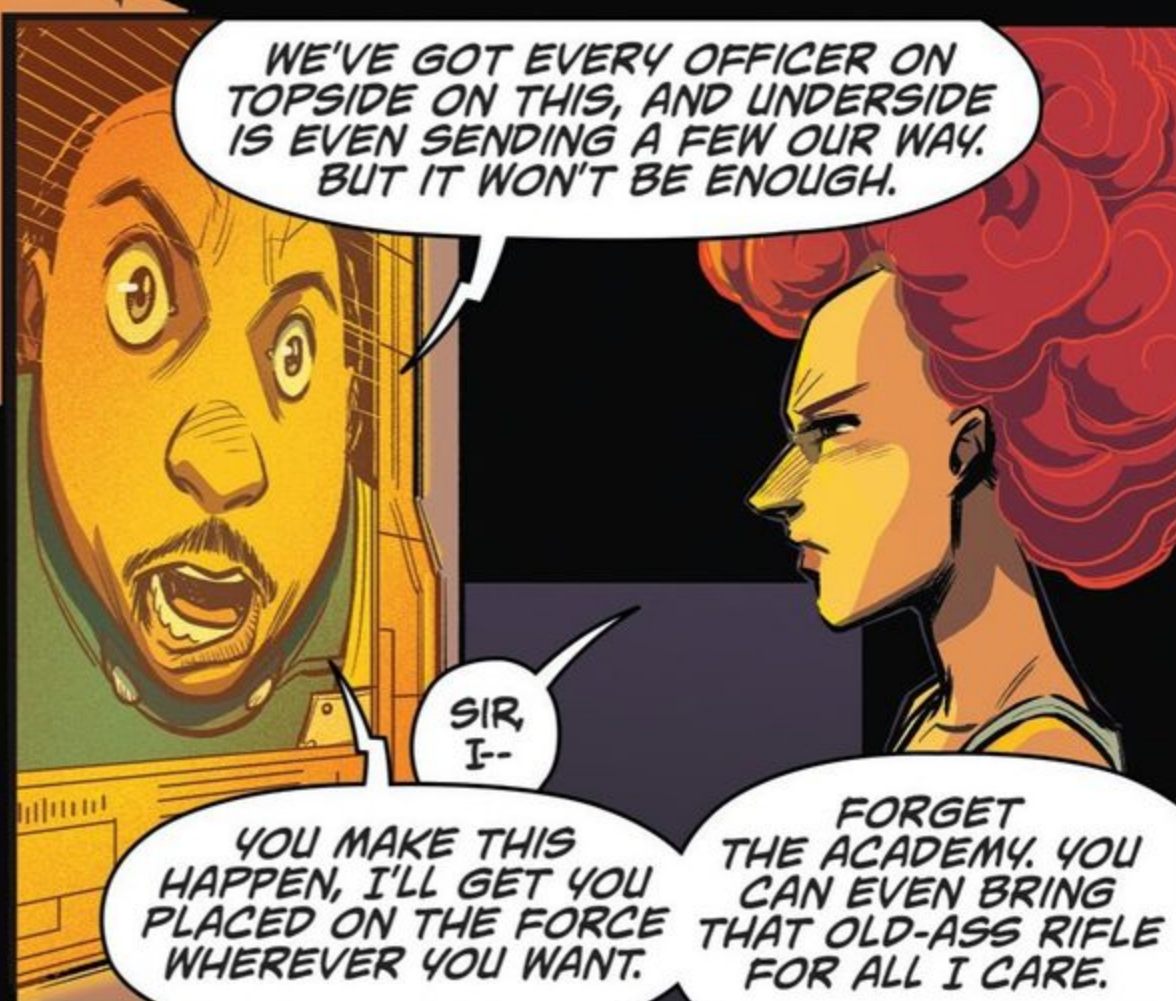
WHAT
IS THIS?
ANOTHER JOB
ALREADY?



THIS ISN'T
JUST SOME
BOUNTY,
BLED SOE.

THERE WAS AN
ESCAPE AT THE
PRISON. THE
PRISONER IN
CELL BLOCK X.

I KNOW
YOU KNOW
WHAT
THAT
MEANS.



WE'VE GOT EVERY OFFICER ON
TOPSIDE ON THIS, AND UNDERSIDE
IS EVEN SENDING A FEW OUR WAY.
BUT IT WON'T BE ENOUGH.

SIR,
I--

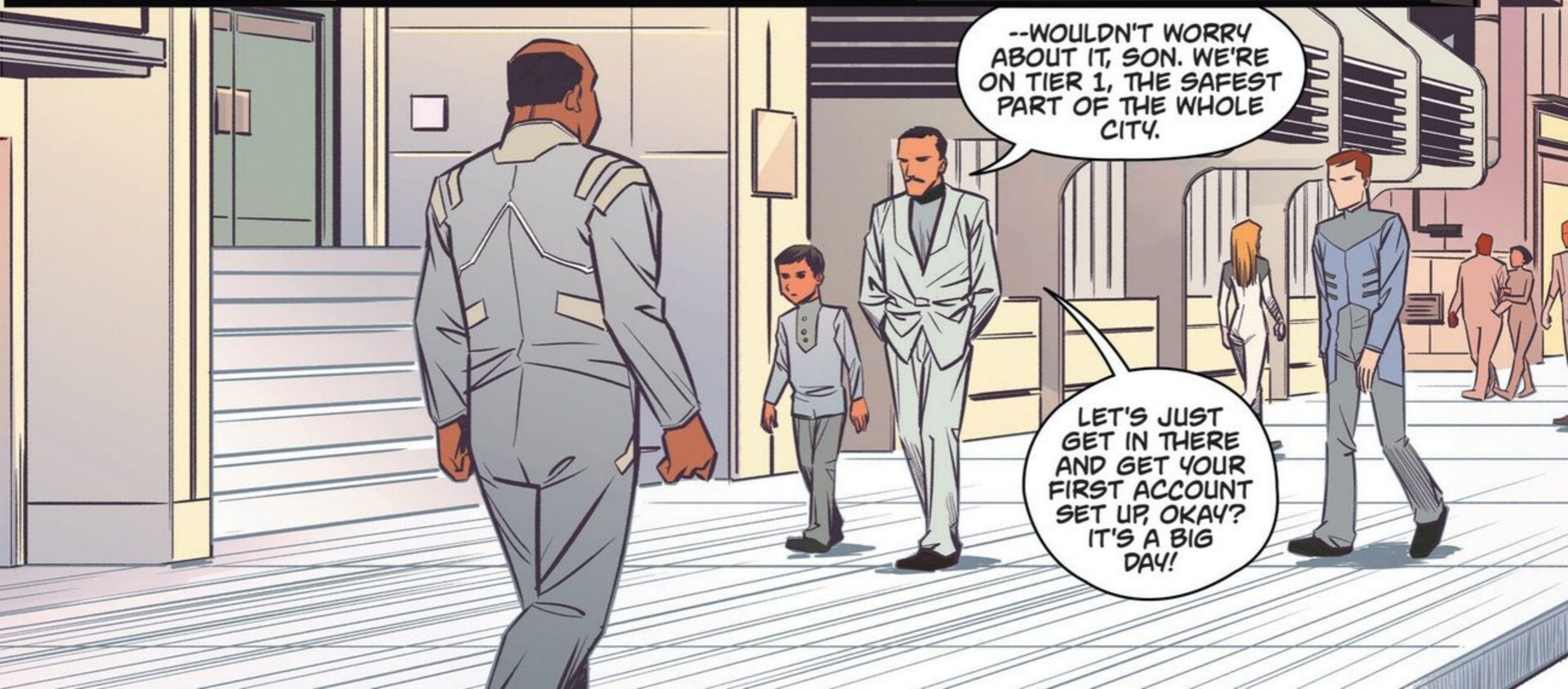
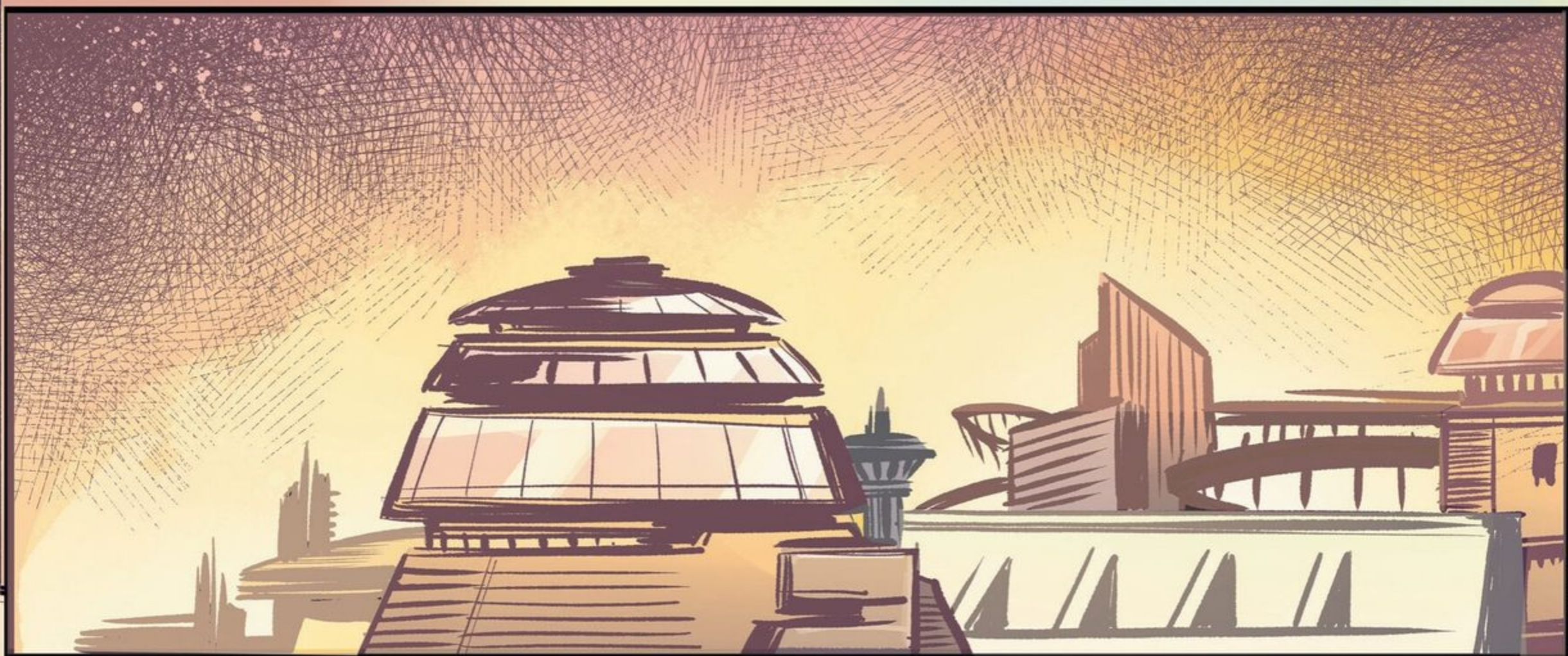
YOU MAKE THIS
HAPPEN, I'LL GET YOU
PLACED ON THE FORCE
WHEREVER YOU WANT.

FORGET
THE ACADEMY. YOU
CAN EVEN BRING
THAT OLD-ASS RIFLE
FOR ALL I CARE.



YOU CAN
DO THIS,
AKELDAMA.
DO IT
FOR YOUR
DAD.

MAKE
HIM
PROUD.



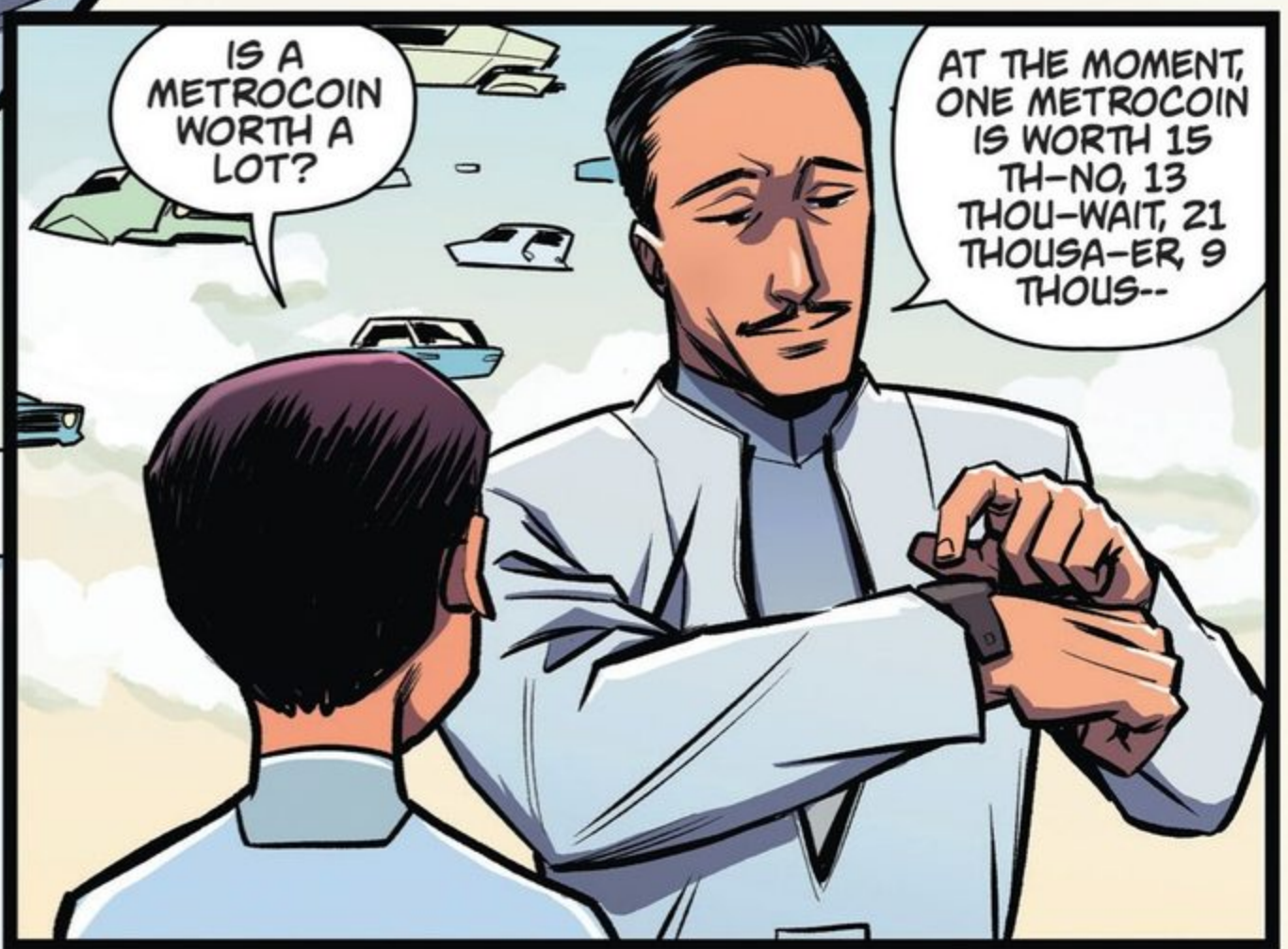


HOW MUCH ARE WE PUTTING IN THE BANK, DAD?

A METROCOIN?



A WHOLE METROCOIN? DO I LOOK LIKE I'M MADE OF MONEY, SON? MAYBE FOR YOUR 18TH BIRTHDAY.



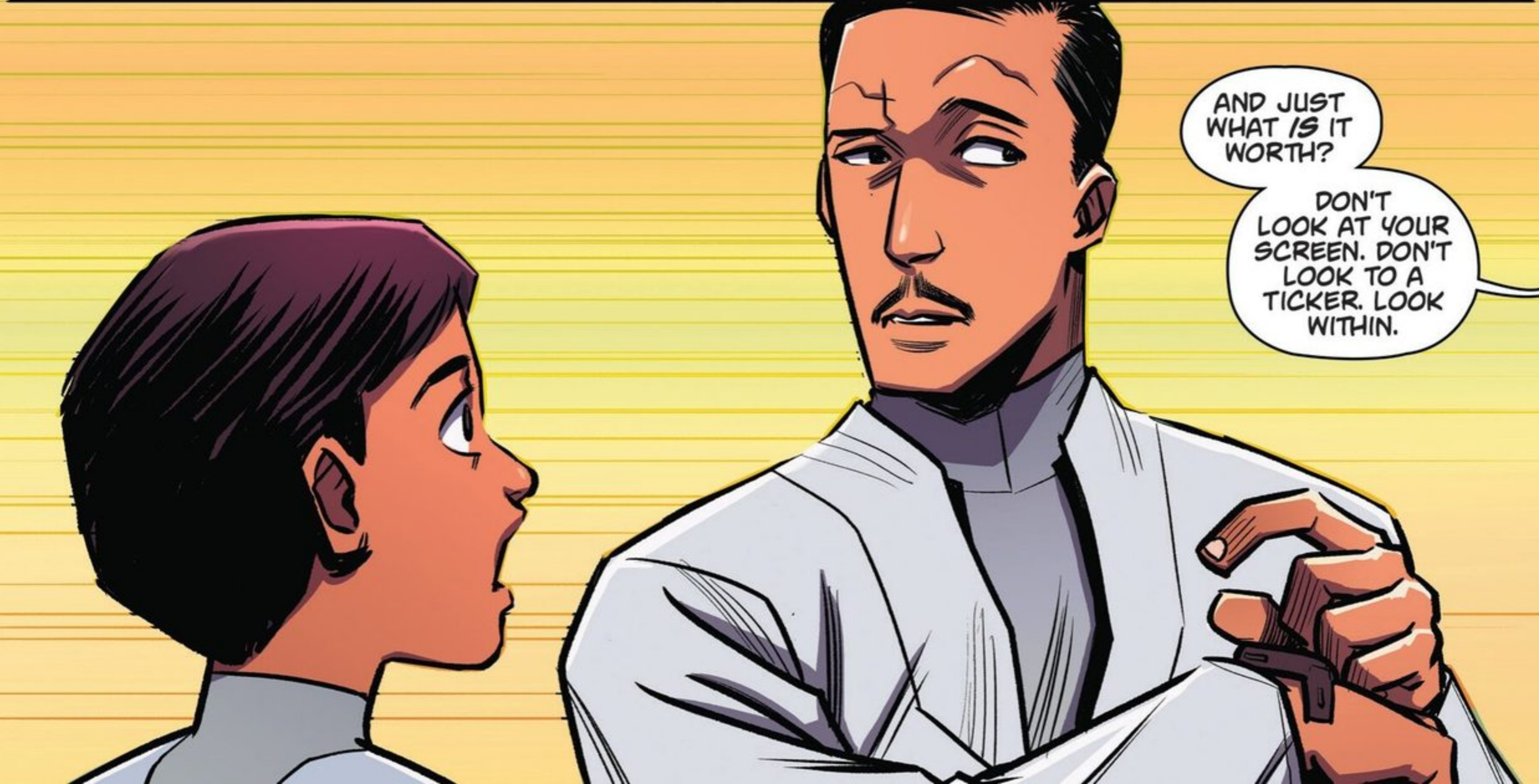
IS A METROCOIN WORTH A LOT?

AT THE MOMENT, ONE METROCOIN IS WORTH 15 TH-NO, 13 THOU-WAIT, 21 THOUSA-ER, 9 THOUS--



YES. IT'S WORTH A LOT.

IS IT?



AND JUST WHAT IS IT WORTH?

DON'T LOOK AT YOUR SCREEN. DON'T LOOK TO A TICKER. LOOK WITHIN.



YOUR COINS ARE WORTH NOTHING. THEY ARE NOT EVEN COINS. THEY ARE WRITTEN ON THE WIND AND WATER.

YOU SAY THINGS LIKE "STORE OF VALUE" AND "VOLATILITY INDEX"; BUT THESE WORDS MEAN NOTHING TO A CHILD.

THEY MEAN NOTHING TO ME.

SO, REALLY, IN THIS MOMENT, WHAT ARE YOUR SO-CALLED COINS WORTH?



WHAT IS
A COIN TO A
CHILD WITH NO
BREAD, AND NO
ACCESS TO
THESE NEBULOUS,
ETHEREAL
NUMBERS YOU
CALL COINS?

HE
CANNOT
EAT YOUR
COINS.



YOU CANNOT
EVEN LAY SUCH
COINS ON A
MAN'S EYES TO
PAY HIS
PASSAGE INTO
THE NEXT
LIFE.



BUT THIS MEANS
NOTHING TO YOU. TO
YOUR PEOPLE, THERE
IS NO ONE TO PAY,
NO PASSAGE, NO
LIFE BUT THIS.

SAD
FOR YOU.
SADDER
FOR HIM.

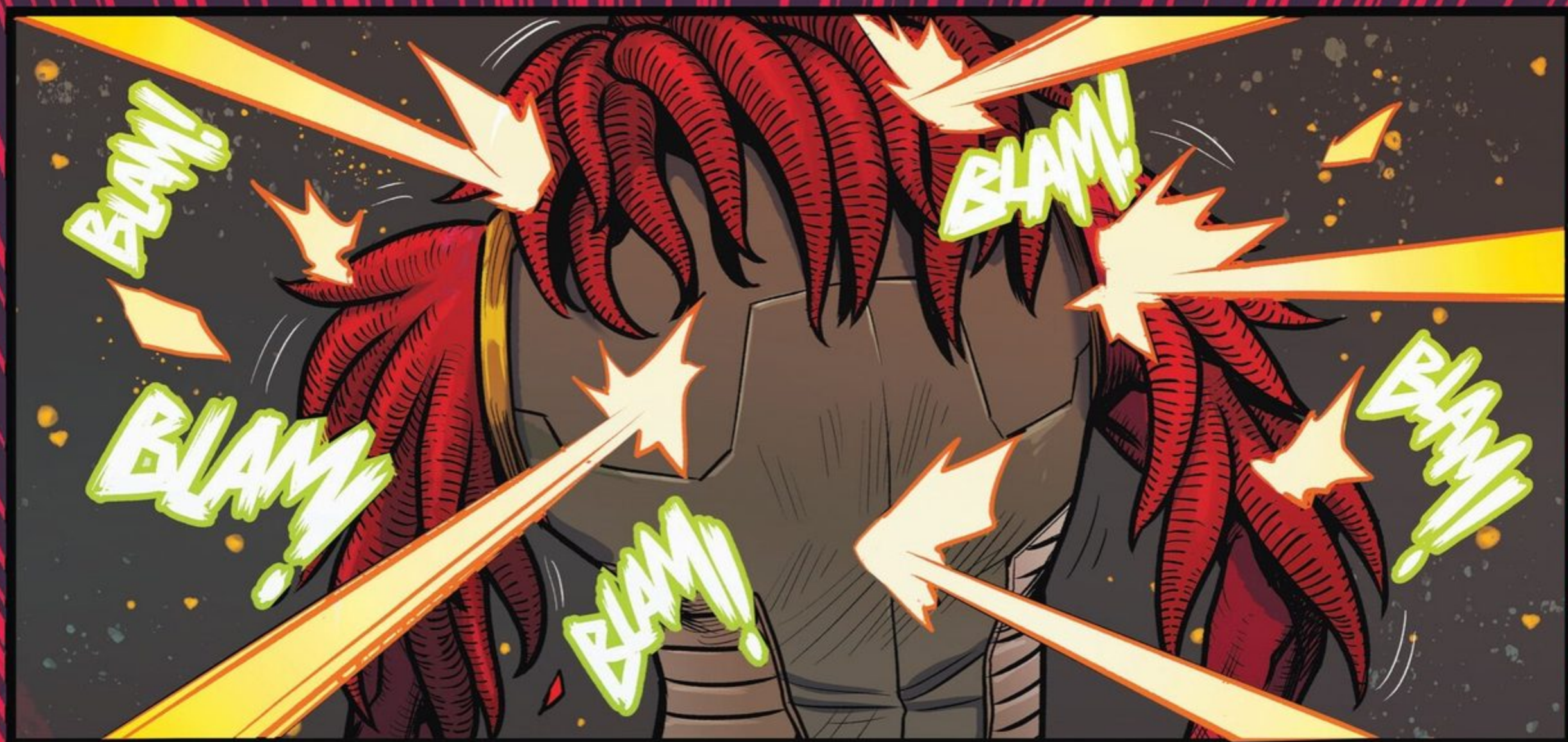


WHAT IS
A COIN TO A
CHILD WITH
NO FATHER
TO GIVE IT
TO HIM?

I MYSELF
WOULD
RATHER HAVE
BREAD.



NOW. WHAT
HAVE YOU
LEARNED?





PRISONER!
LET THE BOY
GO!

PUT WHICHEVER THINGS
ARE YOUR HANDS OVER
YOUR HEAD AND YOU'LL GET
OFF WITH ONLY A MILD
BEATING!



HMM.

DO YOU THINK
MY NAME IS
"PRISONER"? IS
THAT ALL I AM
TO YOU?



ALL YOU ARE
TO ME IS DEAD
FUCKING MEAT
UNLESS YOU
LET THAT
BOY GO.

TARGET'S HEART RATE
STEADY. BLOOD PRESSURE
NORMAL. LIKELIHOOD OF
PACIFICATION HIGH.



THE BOY IS
FREE TO GO
REGARDLESS.
I SHALL DO
HIM NO ILL.

BUT TELL
ME MY NAME.
DID YOUR
SUPERIORS
TELL YOU?



BOY, YOUR NAME IS
ABOUT TO BE "JUST
ANOTHER DEAD FUCKIN'
EXO FROM THE
SHITSTAIN NEBULA" IF
YOU DON'T STOP
RESISTING.

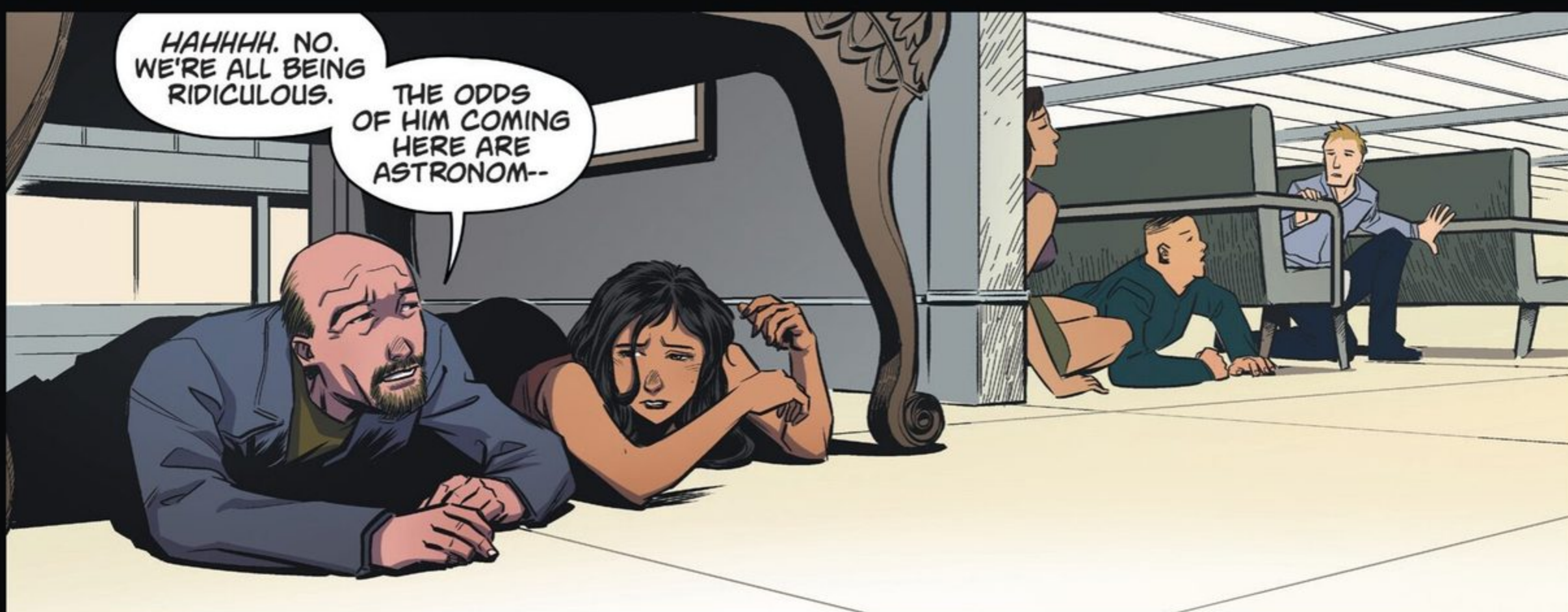
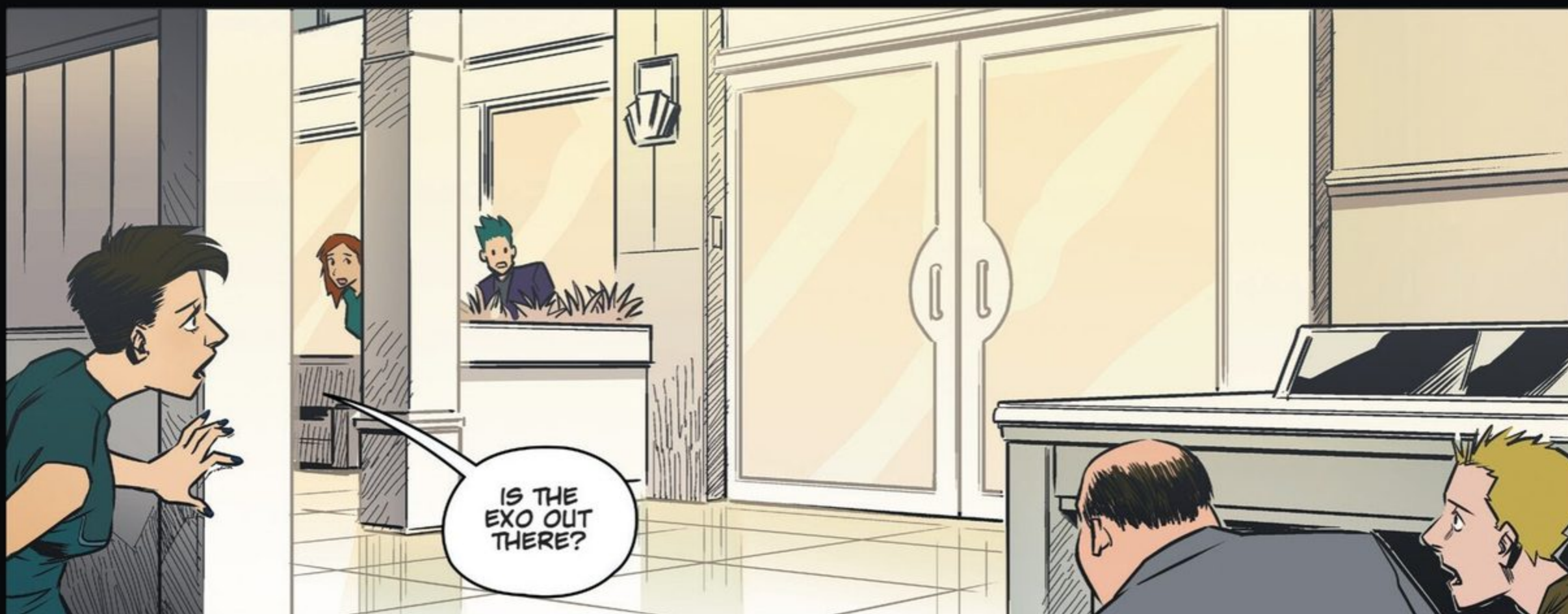


TARGET'S HEART RATE
STEADY.

KRACK!





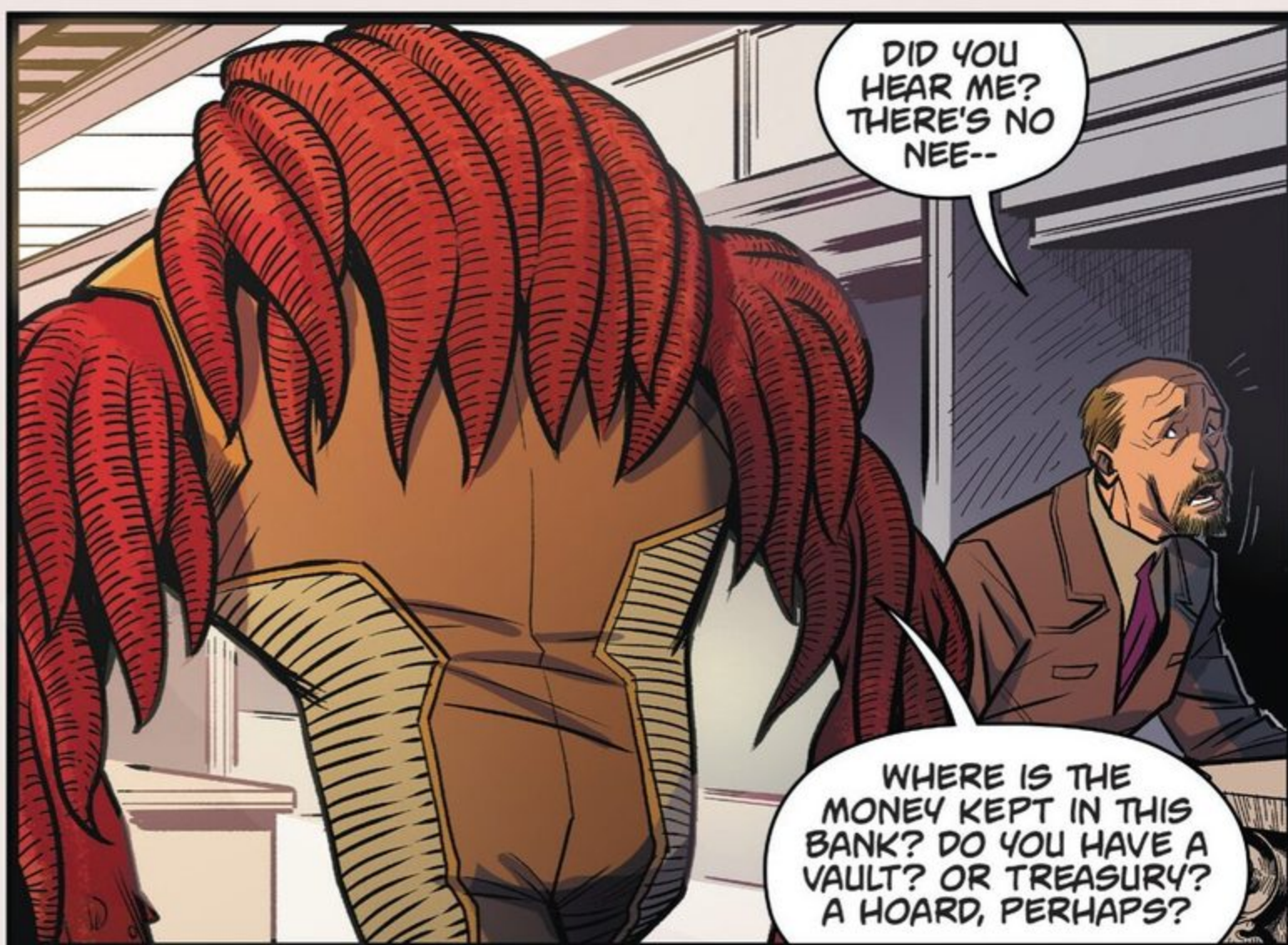






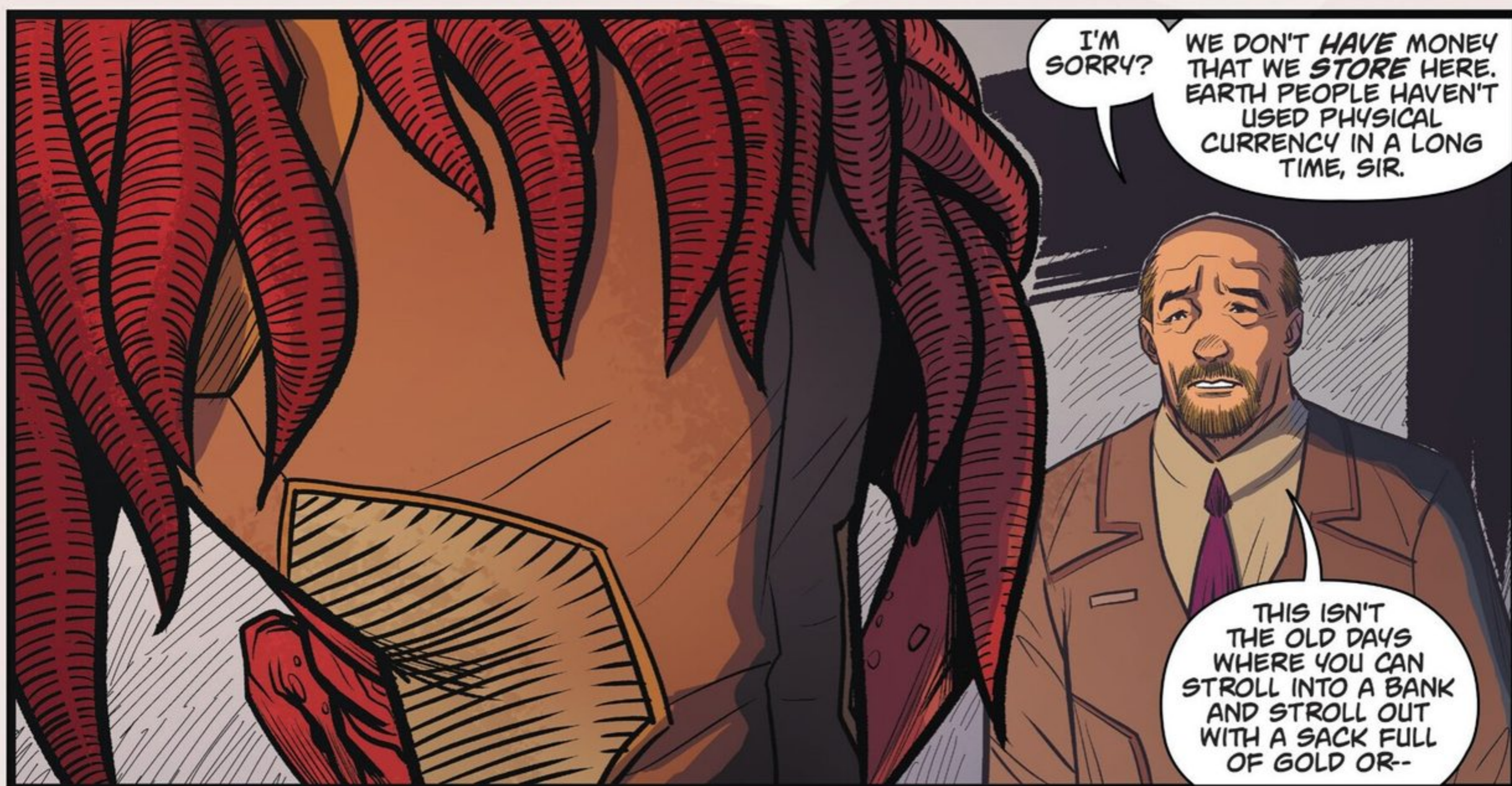
I'M THE
MANAGING
DIRECTOR.

THERE'S NO
NEED TO HURT
ANYONE. I'LL
DO WHAT YOU
WANT.



DID YOU
HEAR ME?
THERE'S NO
NEE--

WHERE IS THE
MONEY KEPT IN THIS
BANK? DO YOU HAVE A
VAULT? OR TREASURY?
A HOARD, PERHAPS?



I'M
SORRY?

WE DON'T *HAVE* MONEY
THAT WE *STORE* HERE.
EARTH PEOPLE HAVEN'T
USED PHYSICAL
CURRENCY IN A LONG
TIME, SIR.

THIS ISN'T
THE OLD DAYS
WHERE YOU CAN
STROLL INTO A BANK
AND STROLL OUT
WITH A SACK FULL
OF GOLD OR--

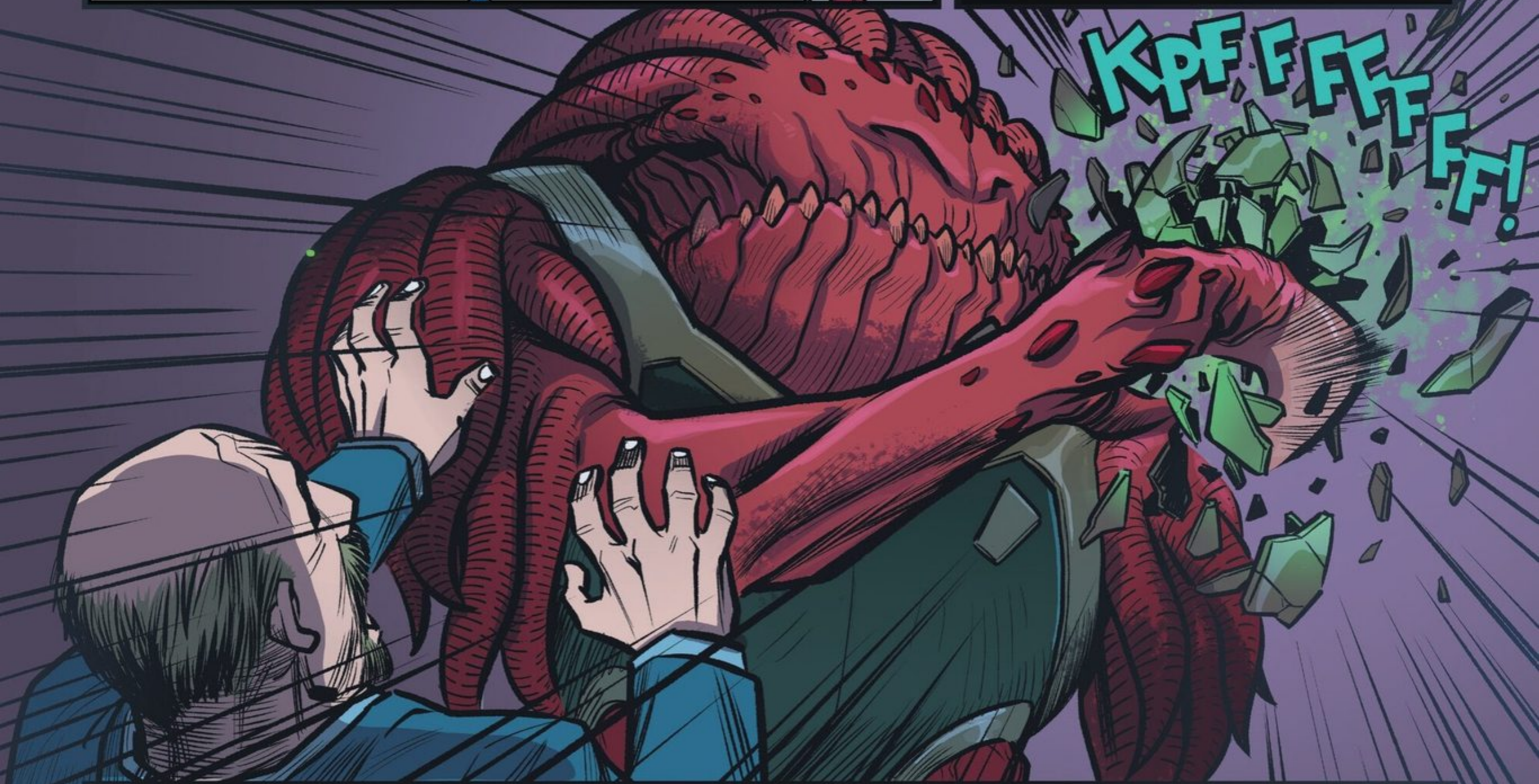
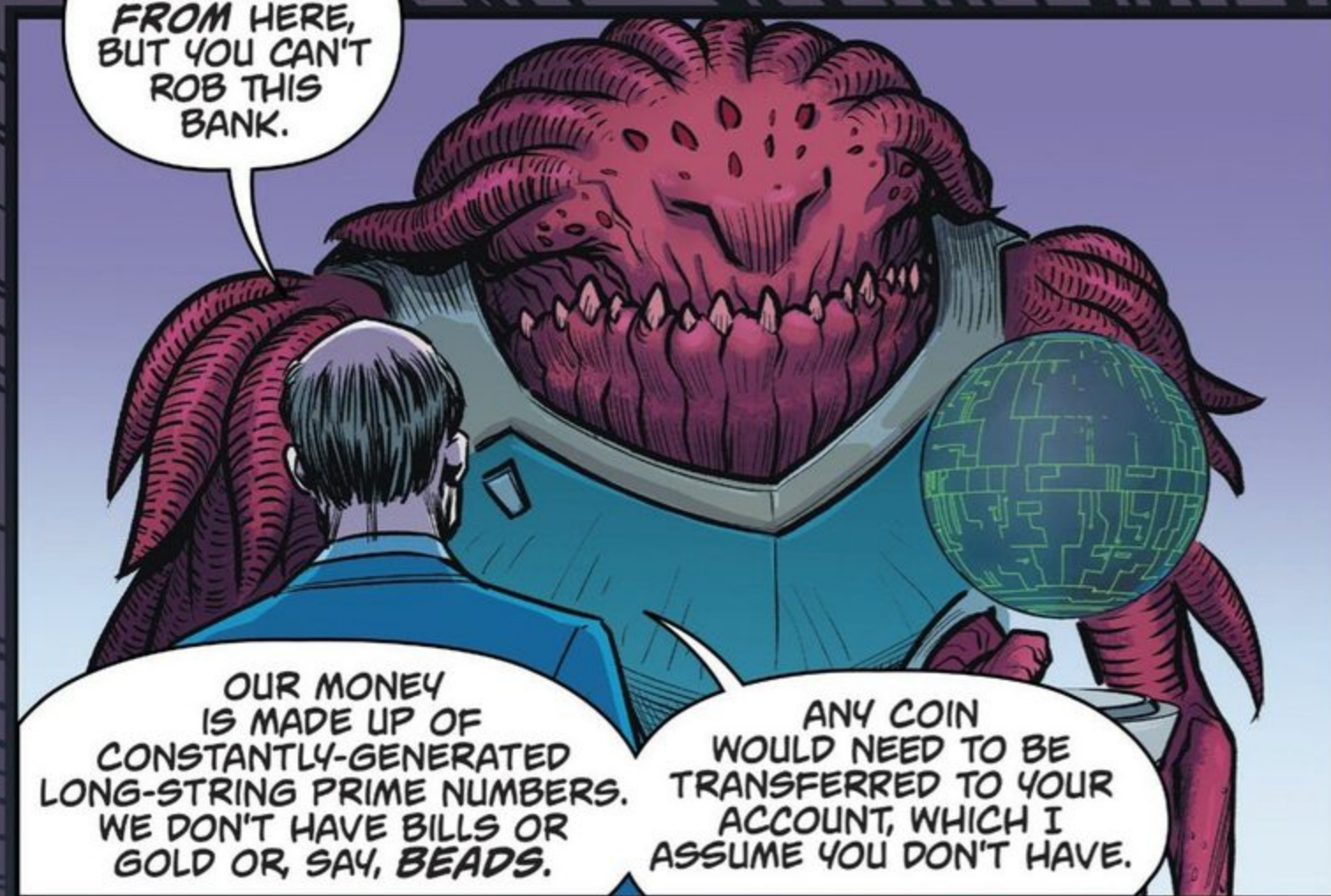


WHAT WOULD I
KNOW ABOUT OLD
EARTH CUSTOMS?
WHY WOULD I
CARE?

EVERY BANK
KEEPS MONEY.
WHERE IS YOUR
MONEY?



W-
WELL...





OOOF!

KRASH!



SHIT, I'M SORRY.

WHERE YOU RUNNING TO, BLOOD? GOT A NEW PERP TO HUNT?



YEAH, KINDA. LOOK, CAN YOU DO ME A FAVOR?

SURE. WHAT IS IT?

GET INSIDE AND CALL EVERYONE YOU KNOW AND TELL THEM TO GET INSIDE, TOO.



IS IT THAT PRISONER THAT BUSTED LOOSE? MIX SAYS HE'S ON TIER 1.

THAT SHIT'S A LONG WAY FROM HERE.



YEAH, BUT I DON'T THINK THAT'S GOING TO LAST LONG. HE'LL BE MAKING HIS WAY DOWN HERE.

YOU DON'T THINK SPACE COPS GONNA STOP HIM UP THERE, PROTECT ALL THEM RICH EARTH FOLKS?



I DON'T THINK
THEY *CAN*, TO BE
HONEST.

DON'T JUST
CALL PEOPLE YOU
KNOW ON TIER 4,
CALL EVERYONE
EVERYWHERE. TELL
THEM TO GET AS
FAR INDOORS AS
THEY CAN.



EVEN
ON THE
FLOOR?

**ESPECIALLY ON THE
FLOOR. IPPF MAKES IT
DOWN THAT FAR, THEY'RE
NOT GOING TO CARE
ABOUT COLLATERAL
DAMAGE.**

YOU THINK
SOME BIG MOTHER-
FUCKER BREAKS
OUT THE PEN AND
THEN HEADS TO
THE *FLOOR*?



I DON'T
THINK HE
PLANS ON
STOPPING
THERE.

WHY SCI-FI?

by Benito Cereno



Shortly after the announcement of **BLOOD & THUNDER**, I was wandering around the show floor at a local con, when a comics fan I've known since he was a kid stopped to talk to me about the book. He noted that he was surprised to see me working on this kind of book. While he didn't say specifically what aspect of this series was unexpected for him, I definitely have some theories.

Readers who are familiar with my work know that I'm more likely to ruminate on the past than the future – my educational background is in ancient languages and literature, after all. I write about the ghosts of the long dead and folk legends handed down through the generations. But now I'm doing a spaceship book? Why?

The short answer is simple: Robert Kirkman asked me to. **BLOOD & THUNDER** is a reworking of a book Kirkman and I cooked up probably 20 years ago that got shelved for a bit while Robert built a bustling media empire. The original version was given the placeholder name of **SPACE POLICE** and was lighter, even a little cheesecake-y. The main character – not yet named Blood – had a boyfriend named Micro Jordan, which I still think is a funny joke, and she had an AI home assistant named Dora

Belle, who was essentially what a Ring camera is now, the prediction of which is basically the closest I've ever come to futurism in my writing.

And that's kind of the thing – I don't really have the internal wiring for hard science fiction. My finger is simply not on the pulse of the future the way it is for writers like Jonathan Hickman, Kieron Gillen, Warren Ellis, Grant Morrison, or whoever. When I do write science fiction – like in my own book **TALES FROM THE BULLY PULPIT** or in anthologies like **ENOUGH SPACE FOR EVERYONE ELSE** or **PLANET COMICS** – I always warn that I only write the softest of the soft sci-fi. Pulpy, retro, often steampunk-esque romps.

But when it came time to write the adventures of Blood and Thunder, I had to approach things in a new way. I had to write sci-fi my way. So while the story starts off in a familiar cyberpunk-ish vein, drawing from *Blade Runner* and my second-hand knowledge of 2000 AD comics, very soon it's going to be something else. Stick with us – this story is going places.

Send your questions to bloodandthunder@skybound.com and mark "OK to print".

THE UNRAVELLING OF A HORROR ICON FROM
JAMES TYNION IV AND DANI

UNIVERSAL
MONSTERS

THE INVISIBLE MAN

OUT OF
SIGHT...
OUT OF HIS
MIND!

ISSUE #1 APPEARS
AUGUST 2025



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THE HUNT CONTINUES
JULY 9, 2025



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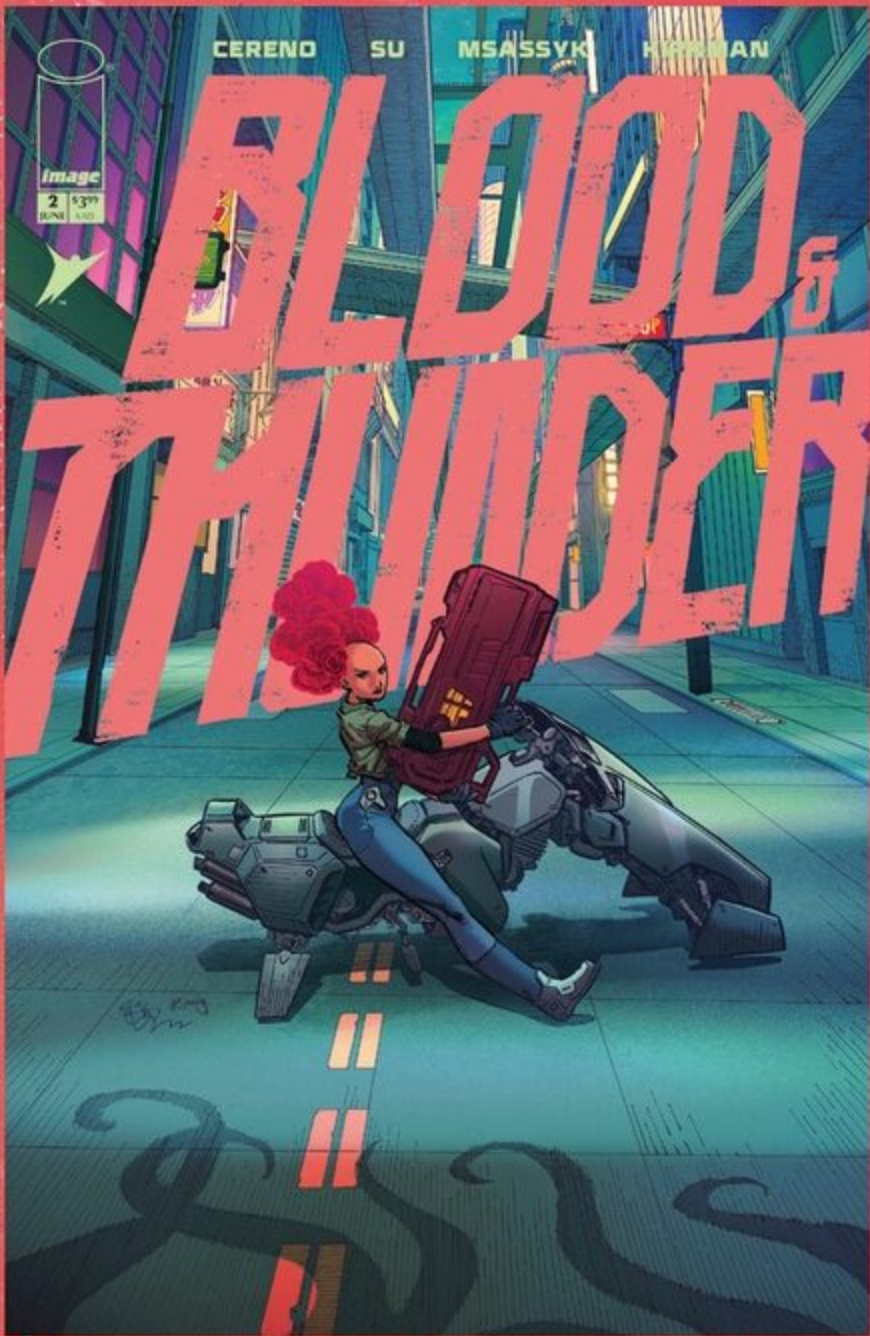


ANDIE TONG
& REX LOKUS
COVER C

BERNARD
CHANG
COVER D



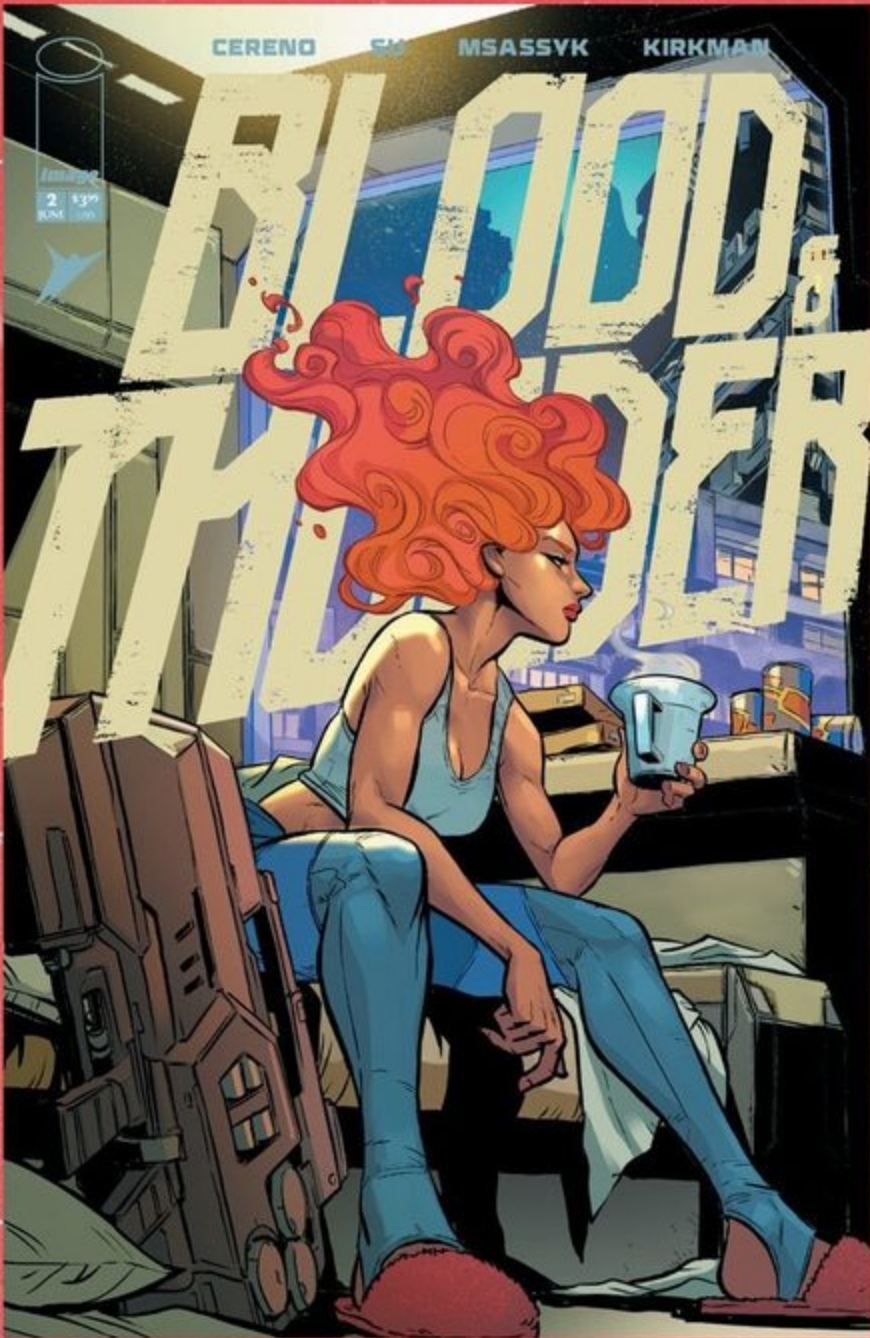
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